He might haue kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore sire with his bridall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou bin meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no encrease,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote:
And though the edge haue somthing hit our selues,
Yet know thou, we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou denyest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue,
And either victorie, or else a graue.
Queene. Staie *Edward*, staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.
Exeunt Omnes. *Alarmes.*
Enter VVarwicke.
VVar. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a litle while to breath,
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force per force needes must I yeeld my selfe.
Enter Edward.
Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die, vnlesse we gaine the daie.
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmlesse line of *Yorkes* true house?
Enter George.

George.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?
Enter Richard running.
Rich. Ah *VVarwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe;
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke* his thrice valient sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wouudes made in his aged brest:
And as he totering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cried aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valient sonne.
And still he cried, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble *Salsburie* gaue vp the Ghost.
War. Then let the earth bê drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse becausse I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I doe bende my knees with thine,
And in that vow, now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kinges,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the day.
Georg. Then let vs haste to cheare the Souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so. *Warwicke* farewell.